

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute :)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meete your father and the Scottish power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury* :
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene daies ;
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moiety *North* from *Barton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours :

See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out :
I'le have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
up, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the oppos'd
continent, as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this *North*-side, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'le have it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. I'le not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Henry

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not understa

Glen. I can speake *English*.

For I was trained up in the
Where, being but yong, I fra
Many an *English* dittie, love
And gave the tongue a help
A vertue that was never seen

Hot. Marry, and I am gla
I had rather bee a kitten and
Then one of these same mete
I had rather heare a brazen c
Or a dry wheele grate on th
And that would set my teet
Nothing so much as minsing
T'is like the forc't gate of a

Glen. Come, you shall h

Hot. I doe not care, Ile g
To any well-deserving frien
But in the way of bargaine
Ile cavil on the ninth part o
Are the indentures drawne i

Glen. The Moone shines fa
Ile haste the writer, and w
Breake with your wives, o
I am afraid my daughter wi
So much shee doteth on her

Mor. Fie cousin *Percy*, ho

Hot. I cannot chuse, some
With telling mee of the *Mo*
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and
And of a dragon and a finles
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a
A couching Lyon, and a ram
And such a deale of skimble
As puts mee from my faith.
Hee held mee last night, at l
In reckoning up the severall

Glen.